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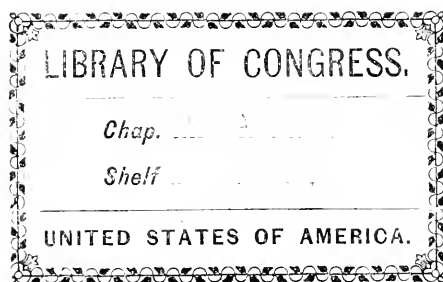
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

J. A. GARFIELD.
MAY 1 1880

ORGANIZATION AND OBJECTS

OF THE

Lincoln Guard of Honor,

AND

FIRST MEMORIAL SERVICE,

HELD ON THE

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE DEATH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS,

APRIL 15TH, 1880.

Compliments of E. A. McLeod Spring

ORGANIZATION AND OBJECTS

OF THE

LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR,

AND

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APRIL 15TH, 1880.



ORGANIZATION.

ON the Twelfth day of February, 1880, the seventy-first anniversary of the birth of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, at a meeting held in Memorial Hall of the National Lincoln Monument, the LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR was organized, and a certificate of incorporation issued, as follows:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
GEORGE H. HARLOW, Sec'y of State. }

To all to whom these Presents shall come—GREETING:

WHEREAS, a Certificate, duly signed and acknowledged, having been filed in the office of the Secretary of State, on the Thirteenth day of February, A. D., 1880, for the organization of the LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, under and in accordance with the provisions of "An Act concerning Corporations," approved April 18, 1872, and in force July 1, 1872, a copy of which certificate is hereto attached;

Now, Therefore, I, GEORGE H. HARLOW, Secretary of State, of the State of Illinois, by virtue of the powers and duties vested in me by law, do hereby certify that the said, the LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, is a legally organized corporation under the laws of this State.

In Testimony Whereof, I hereto set my hand, and cause to be affixed the great seal of State. Done at the City of Springfield, this thirteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty, and of the Independence of the United States, the One Hundred and Fourth.

GEORGE H. HARLOW,
Secretary of State.

[SEAL.]

The original incorporators are J. C. Power, J. N. Reece, G. S. Dana, Jas. F. McNeill, J. P. Lindley, Edward S. Johnson, Horace Chapin, N. B. Wiggins and Clinton L. Conkling, of whom G. S. Dana is President; J. N. Reece, Vice President; J. F. McNeill, Treasurer, and J. C. Power, Secretary.

OBJECTS.

THE Association has for its objects the raising of a fund with which to purchase and keep in repair the former home of President LINCOLN; to open the house, under proper regulations, to visitors, and to hold the premises in trust for the public. It also proposes to hold memorial services upon suitable anniversary occasions, and to collect and preserve mementoes of his life and death.

At an adjourned meeting held at the Leland Hotel on March 9, 1880, it was resolved to observe the fifteenth anniversary of the death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN by appropriate services, to be held at the National Lincoln Monument, on the morning of April the 15th, 1880, commencing at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock.

At a subsequent meeting the Committee appointed for the purpose, submitted an order of exercises, which was approved.

FIRST MEMORIAL SERVICE.

ON Thursday, April 15th, the memorial services were held, under direction of the LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR.

Major G. S. Dana, President, commenced the exercises, at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, corresponding with the time of President LINCOLN's death, by introducing Rev. James A. Reed, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who offered prayer, as follows :

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the world, even from everlasting, Thou art God. Thou art the hope and refuge of all who put their trust under the shadow of Thy wing. We now invoke Thy presence and blessing as we here assemble to commence these solemn services this morning; and we feel, as we gather around this tomb, that we gather about the resting place of a great man—a man made sacred by memory—the remains of one dear to us, and whose name has been identified with the dearest interests of our country. We have approached

the time that recalls the hour of our National affliction—the hour when the spirit of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, “With malice toward none, with charity for all,” returned to God who gave it. And while this hour recalls sad and painful memories, yet, O God, we desire to cherish and perpetuate to latest generations the virtues and the memory of him who lies here entombed. And we pray, gracious God, that Thou wouldst be with us and bless us this day. We thank Thee that, in the hour of our peril, Thou didst raise up for our country such a leader as ABRAHAM LINCOLN. We thank Thee for all that was generous, truthful and noble in his character. We thank Thee for all that was manly and elevated and decisive in his patriotism. We thank Thee for all that was wise and judicious in his statesmanship. We thank Thee for the great deliverance which he was the means of bringing to our land. We thank Thee for all the liberty and happiness we enjoy, and for all the grand and blessed issues that have come to us from the instrumentality of this man. And we pray that we may be enabled to cherish his memory, to imitate his virtues and preserve the blessings of liberty and peace that have come to us. Let Thy presence and blessing rest upon this day, and as the recollection of the hour recurs when he was taken away from us, may the appreciation of his life and character go forward with us in the noble pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. Be with us, we pray Thee, and with the Nation in all our future history; sanctify us as a Nation to Thyself and to Thy service, and finally accept of us graciously, in Our Redeemer. Amen.

The Y. M. C. A. Quintette Club—Messrs. S. T. Church, Edward A. Wills, Frank M. Wills, Frank L. Fuller and R. F. Ruth, Jr.—sang “THE SLEEP OF THE BRAVE.”

How sleep the brave that sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest;
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold.

She, then, shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod,
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

Then honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Rest in peace!
Sleep on!

The Rev. Albert Hale read the notable farewell address of Mr. LINCOLN, delivered Feb. 11, 1861, to his Springfield neighbors and friends previous to starting for Washington.

MY FRIENDS:—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all I am. Here I have lived for more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon whom he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance and support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN's letter to Eliza P. Gurney was read by Mr. J. C. Power, who, by way of prelude, said:

We all know that, during the war to suppress the rebellion, President LINCOLN was frequently waited upon by delegations from religious bodies. Among others, a large number of women belonging to the Society of Friends, gave him a call. One of their number, the widow of Joseph John Gurney, a distinguished Quaker preacher of England, though herself an American, afterwards wrote him a letter. His reply will ever be highly prized, because it contains such emphatic and unequivocal expressions of his belief in the overruling providence of God.

LETTER TO MRS. GURNEY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, Sept. 4, 1864. }

ELIZA P. GURNEY: MY ESTEEMED FRIEND—I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me, on a Sabbath forenoon, two years ago; nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of this country, for their constant prayers and consolations; and to no one of them, more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail; though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile, we must work earnestly

in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends He ordains. Surely, He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay.

Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not; and believing it, I shall still receive, for our country and myself, your earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven.

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC," by Mrs. Dr. G. S. Howe, was sung by the Quintette Club.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS—

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

CHORUS—

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!

Our God is marching on.

CHORUS—

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS—

After which Mr. Clinton L. Conkling read the Second Inaugural Address of President LINCOLN.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the Nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms—upon which all else chiefly depends—is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the Nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease, with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The

prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences—which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came—shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Rev. W. B. Affleck, of York, England, then spoke as follows:

The sorrow and sympathy of the Guards of Honor, citizens, admiring friends and of the many strangers whose cheeks are also moistened with tears, who are assembled here on this momentously solemn occasion, lead me to repeat an ancient though appropriate question—"Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there? Why then is the hurt of my people not healed?"

Why, aye, why? Because no such wound as we are gathered here to commemorate was ever before inflicted, and no hurt was ever before so universally felt. In ABRAHAM LINCOLN's death humanity lost a loyal and beneficent representative, the oppressed colored race its champion, emancipator and this great Nation its political and patriotic savior. He had love too ardent, sympathies too deep, a soul too large, a heart too tender and a mission too catholic and comprehensive for any other country but this limitless and liberty-loving

"Land of the free
And home of the brave."

His great achievements inspired hope in the poorest of the poor. His honesty placed merchandise and law on a higher plane. His becoming and uniform humanity gave worthy example to the rich and the great. His willing and industrious hand gave a dignity to honest toil. His graceful carriage and kindly demeanor under highest honors gave a lesson to all rulers, and his noble life, crowned with a martyr's death, gave testimony to a witnessing world that it is greater and diviner to die in a good cause than to live to see a Nation's liberties sacrificed. For

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van;
The fittest place for man to die
Is, when he dies for fellow man."

In this country's future the pure life and patriotic though tragic death of "LINCOLN the Good," will inspire a spirit of Christian chivalry in tens of thousands of America's stalwart sons and will give them a certainty that

"Freedom's battles once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft are always won."

GUARDS OF HONOR:—May God bless you for organizing to guard the fair fame and the good name of honest ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Yours is a sacred trust. This is a fine monument. Its sparkling granite making it imperishable but fitly symbolizes the enduring loyalty of our own LINCOLN to truth, goodness and God.

In England we teach our children to love its Cromwell. In Scotland they teach their children to love its William Wallace. In Ireland they teach their children to love its Daniel O'Connell. In Switzerland they teach their children to love its Winkelried. In Italy they teach their children to love its Garibaldi. In America, humanity's refuge and freedom's hope and home, teach, oh teach your children to love, ever love, its Washington the Securer and LINCOLN the Conservator of a Nation united, prosperous and free.

"Then heart to heart
And hand to hand
Bound together let us stand;
Storms are gathering
O'er the land,
Many friends are gone.
Still we never are alone.
Still the battle must be won.
Still we bravely march right on—
Right on—Right on!"

GOVERNOR CULLOM, being present, was called on and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am very much gratified that the President of the Association made the remark that he did, that I was unexpectedly present, because you might suppose that I had an address for the occasion. I have not, and did not expect to say one word when I came upon the ground a few minutes ago, and I would decline to do so now were it not for the fact that I feel it is the duty of every person to give countenance and encouragement to the movement that has been made by our friends here, in perfecting the organization of what is called "The Lincoln Guard of Honor." It is what ought to be done. I have always believed, my friends, that as we receded in time from the period in which Mr. LINCOLN lived, we would come to more and more appreciate his life and his service to the country. And this movement convinces me more than ever that such is going to be the fact.

As the Nation moves forward in civilization and political development, its people will more and more appreciate the life of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. I was thinking, as Mr. Conkling read that inaugural address, of the grandeur of the sentiment contained in it; "With malice toward none, with charity for all." I forget the exact words of the balance of that sentence; but think, my friends, of such words uttered by a man who had been struggling with all the energy and power that belonged to a great man at the head of a nation. I say, think of such words in the midst of such a struggle, saying to the people: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us go forward in our work, as God gives us to see the right."

And so with that sort of a heart, with that sort of a soul, with that sort of a manhood, he led the Nation through the trials through which it had to pass and saved it from overthrow by rebellion, and freed the people of this land, who, during the existence of the Nation, had been clogged in the manacles of slavery. I say, in that spirit this Nation was saved, and as it was saved he was stricken down who uttered those words to us, to you, to your children and to the generations which are to come after us, "With charity for all, with malice toward none."

I tell you, my friends, you may read the Scriptures over and over, but you will find no sentiment that is purer, no sentiment that is nobler, no sentiment that is grander, within the lids of any book which you may open upon any occasion.

I would not say another word, but that I see here a number of ladies especially, who are strangers in our city, and who, perhaps, are not as well acquainted with the personal life of Mr. LINCOLN as some of us here at his home. It was my fortune to know Mr. LINCOLN from the time I was as old as any of the smaller children here in this audience. I knew him from the time I was a little boy, and his whole life, whether private or public,

is just what you see it in his inaugural address, in these letters that you have read, and in all his great public utterances that are familiar to almost any one who reads at all. He was a man worthy of imitation in the family and in all circles and ramifications in society; he was a quiet man, he was a modest man, he was a just man, and he was everything so far as a man could be, apparently, to make him a fit man to take care of the interests of a great nation and set an example before a free people worthy to follow. I believe it is said in early history that mothers used to point to Alexander and say to their children, be like him, and as was well said by our distinguished friend here, Mr. Atleck, awhile ago, referring to Washington and LINCOLN, the mothers of America can, with just pride, say to their children, be like Washington and LINCOLN.

LINCOLN's favorite poem, "O WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?" written in 1778 by Alexander Knox, of Edinburg, Scotland, was read by Mrs. Edward S. Johnson:

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved:
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by.
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told;

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling—
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died—we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The song, "LET THE PRESIDENT SLEEP," by James M. Stewart, was then sung.

Let the President sleep; all his duty is done.
He has lived for our glory, the triumph is won.
At the close of the fight, like a warrior brave,
He retires from the field to the rest of the grave.

Hush the roll of the drum; hush the cannon's loud roar;
He will guide us to peace through the battle no more.
But now freedom shall dawn from the place of his rest,
Where the star has gone down in the beautiful West.

Tread lightly, breathe softly, and gratefully bring,
To the sod that enfolds him the first flow'r of Spring.
They will tenderly treasure the tears that we weep,
O'er the grave of our chief. Let the President sleep.

Let the President sleep! tears will hallow the ground,
Where we raise o'er his ashes the sheltering mound;
And his spirit will sometimes return from above,
There to mingle with others in ineffable love.

Peace to thee, noble dead; thou hast battled the right,
And hast won high reward from the Father of Light.
Peace to thee martyr hero, and sweet be thy rest,
When the sunlight fades out in the beautiful West.

The ceremonies were concluded by Rev. J. H. Noble, of the First M. E. Church, who pronounced the benediction as follows:

May the blessing of God—the God of Nations—who giveth peace as man doth not give; the blessing of the God of our fathers; the God of Washington and LINCOLN, be upon us, upon our country, upon our whole country, preserving us from internal strife—and lifting us to purity of National life, so we may continue a free and good people, now and forever, for Christ's sake. Amen.

A number of letters of regret from prominent persons invited to attend the services were received. The following extract from the letter of Lt.-Gov. Andrew Shuman will be of interest:

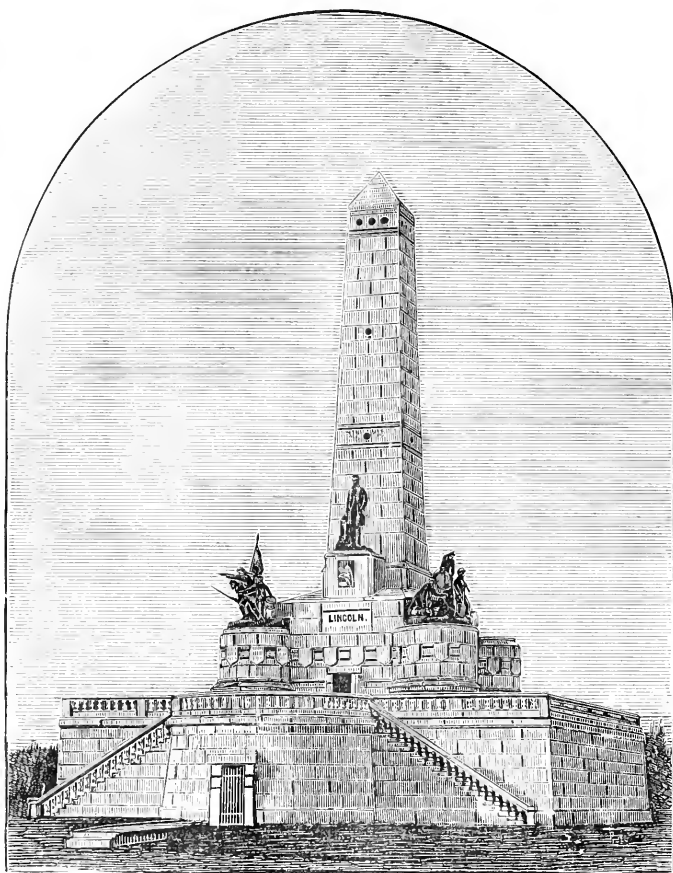
It is well and proper that the citizens of Mr. LINCOLN's own home city, near which his remains lie entombed, should set an example to the rest of the country by commemorating the anniversaries of the terrible tragedy by which he was taken off. Whatever can be said or done by his surviving countrymen to keep his memory fresh and to recall to mind and contemplation his patriotic devotion and his wise words, will be a service to the country he loved and the Union he saved. May his name and his services live forever in all good hearts and minds.

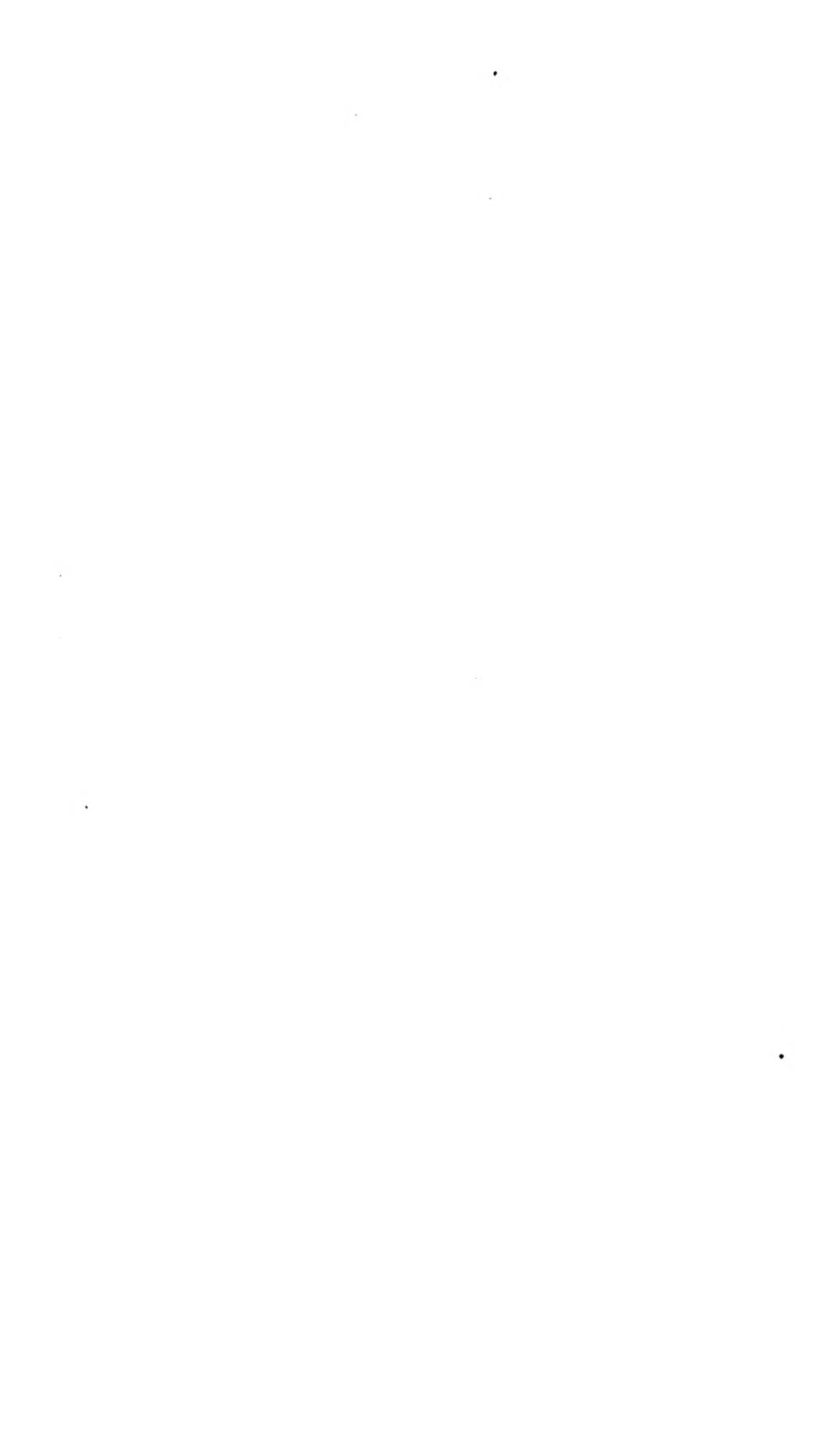
NOTE.

It is desired that all the reports of memorial services, wherever held, shall be sent to the Secretary of the LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR, for preservation in the archives, and the favor will be reciprocated.

RELICS AND PUBLICATIONS.

The LINCOLN GUARD OF HONOR will gladly take care of any relics entrusted to them. Publishers of any book, pamphlet or paper on ABRAHAM LINCOLN will confer a favor on the public by sending a copy of each such publication either to G. S. Dana, President, or J. C. Power, Secretary, Springfield, Illinois.





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